

Featuring **THE CADET** ★

September-October

# TARGET

## COMICS

10¢



VOL.4 NO.6





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



## YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

The letters below should certainly show to you all, as they do to us, that TARGET Readers are really getting behind "the man behind the gun." These few letters are typical of the hundreds that we have received, all telling us what you are doing for your Country in a great big way. Thousands and thousands of men in uniform read TARGET every month, and we know that they would like us to say thanks to you for the way in which you are helping them win the war for Uncle Sam.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS.

Dear Editors:

Your June issue of TARGET COMICS was surely a good one. I liked Dan'l Flannel best of all. I read the editor's page everytime.

At my school we are doing our part in win this war. This week my room bought \$10.25 worth of defense stamps.

Yours truly,  
Betty Jim Brown,  
Columbus, Georgia.

*Congratulations to your class, and keep those War Stamps rolling in, Betty.*

\* \* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I am a faithful reader of the TARGET COMICS, especially the Targeters. I don't know what I should do if I didn't have it when I'm all-in.

I buy all the War Savings Stamps I can and do all odd jobs I can get in the neighborhood. I have three brothers in the army, and one I haven't seen in over a year. Surely, if they give—well, maybe their life—for this country, we back home ought to do all we can to help. I help in every way I can. I haven't got a bond yet, but I'm trying awfully hard to get one. I'm sure my brothers will be tickled when I do get one. I'm awfully choosy about the comic books I get, because I want all the money I have to go for War Savings Stamps, and that's why I picked TARGET.

I want to thank you and your artists for presenting us with many hours of

enjoyment, as well as educational reading.

A faithful reader,  
Nella Brown,  
Hopkinsville, Ky.

*We're mighty glad you like TARGET so much, Nella.*

\* \* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I earn my money by cutting wood. I get 20¢ an hour. I work 10 hours every week that I can. Then I go get \$2.00 worth of 25 cent stamps. I collect all the old iron I can, and then I sell it and get war stamps. I also gather up all the waste paper I can and sell it so I can buy stamps. I even dry dishes for my aunt, for which she gives me two stamps a week. People may think I am a sissy, but I am doing all I can for a Quicker Victory for Uncle Sam.

Yours truly,  
Edward Grubbs,  
Walnut Cove, N. C.

*You're doing a "man's job," Edward, and if anyone ever calls you a sissy for washing dishes, just remind them that almost every man in Uncle Sam's army at one time or another does "K. P."*

\* \* \* \*

Dear Editors:

Most of the boys in our neighborhood are too young to enter our armed forces, but we are doing many things to help on the home front. For instance, when the call for old paper came, our gang turned in many a pound. When the call for scrap came, we rounded up over 1300 pounds. And now, the men in our Army need books

to read. So, we go out and solicit books from homes and turn them in to the Victory Book Campaign. The quota for books in our city has been reached, for our citizens realize that they should give until it hurts. For many of the jobs us boys have done we received nothing. But when we did get compensation you can rest assured that we bought War Stamps and TARGET COMICS!

Yours truly,  
An old fan,  
Sanford Schrier,  
Miami, Florida.

*Boy, you fellows are earning the thanks of Your Big Brothers in the Service 100%.*

\* \* \* \*

Dear Editors:

This being Sunday—I have just finished reading TARGET COMICS with the other members of the family. Even the adults of my family like to read TARGET COMICS!

I have been very busy these few spring days working on my Victory Garden. But I always have time to read TARGET COMICS.

I earn my money for Defense Stamps by shining shoes, selling papers, and doing other little odds and ends.

I just started to miss "Spacehawk", but I am glad you changed him for Dan'l Flannel. He's swell.

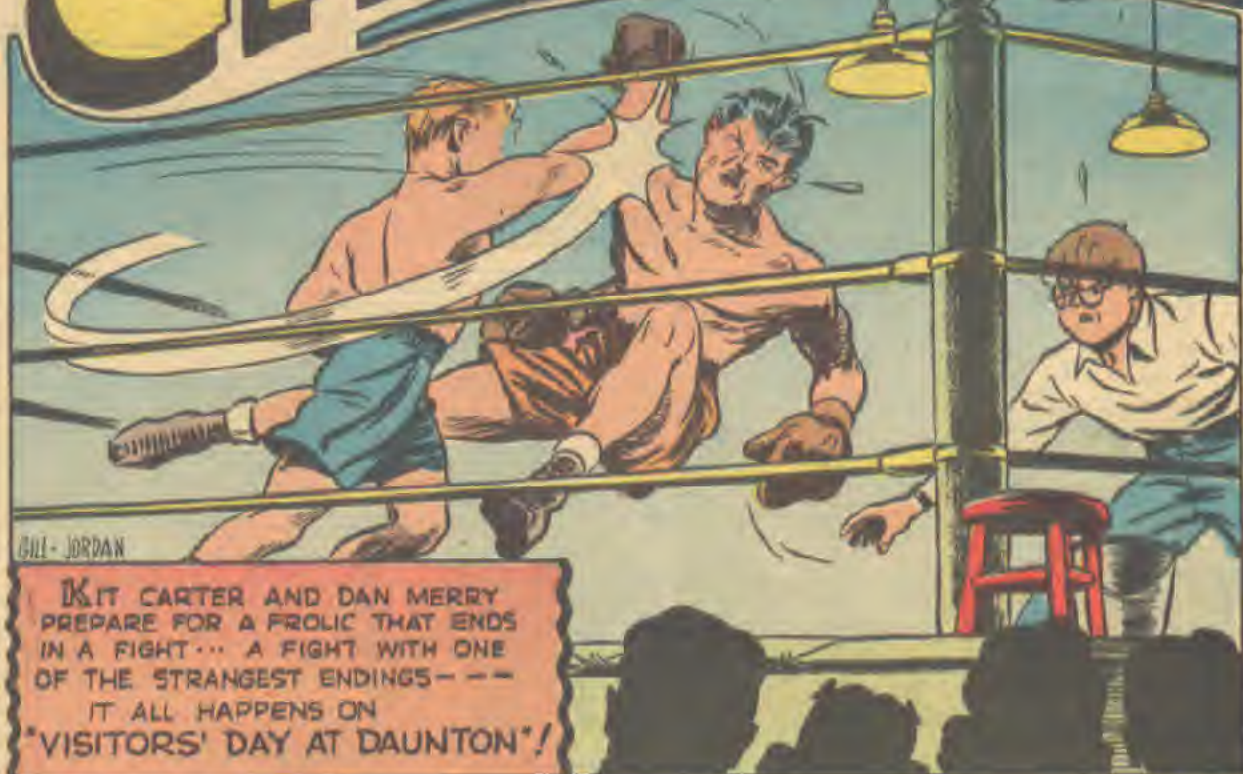
An old and loyal reader,  
Herbert Harris,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Lots of luck on those Victory Vegetables, Herbert.*

**BLUE BOLT** scoops the comic magazine field! Don't miss the true, exciting, and thrilling adventures of a U. S. Naval Aviator at the Battles of Pearl Harbor, Wake, and Midway in **I FLY FOR VENGEANCE**. Starts in November **BLUE BOLT COMICS**. On sale September 8 at your favorite newsstand.

Address your mail to TARGET COMICS 292 Madison Avenue, New York, New York

# The CADET



GILL JORDAN

**KIT CARTER AND DAN MERRY  
PREPARE FOR A FROLIC THAT ENDS  
IN A FIGHT... A FIGHT WITH ONE  
OF THE STRANGEST ENDINGS---**

**IT ALL HAPPENS ON  
'VISITORS' DAY AT DAUNTON'!**

**WE FIND KIT AT BAT... AND DAN KIBITZING  
FROM THE SIDE LINES.**

**VISITORS' DAY TOMORROW,  
KIT... AND WE'RE BROKE!**

**YEAH, I KNOW.  
WE'LL LOSE  
OUT WITH THE  
GERALDINE  
ACADEMY  
HA-HA!**



**YOU AIN'T KIDDING!  
CHET PHILLIPS SAYS HE'S  
GOING TO TAKE CARE  
OF PEGGY.**

**DARN!... I MISSED!  
I'LL DO A LITTLE  
TAKING CARE OF  
MY OWN, IF YOU  
DON'T KEEP  
QUIET!**

**STRIKE  
ONE!**



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THE NEXT PITCH...

JUST THE SAME, YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING!

I'D BETTER DO THINGS WITH THIS BALL—NOT DOO! OVER THE FENCE!—SEE YOU IN THE SHOWERS, 'CURD!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

NOW, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?

AW, SKIP IT! YOU KNOW DARN WELL YOU WANT TO ESCORT PEGGY SLATE TOMORROW. BUT, EVERY TIME I TRY TO HELP YOU KID ME!



SURE, I'M KIDDING!—AND I KNOW WE'RE BROKE BUT I'VE GOT A GREAT PLAN, PAL!

NO KIDDING? SPILL IT!



WELL... ALMOST EVERY CADET WILL WANT SOME FAST UNIFORM PRESSING DONE TODAY. WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR TAKING THE JOB?

YOU'RE A GENIUS! I'LL START ROUNDING UP THE UNIFORMS RIGHT AWAY.



LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

BUSINESS IS GREAT! LOOK AT THIS PILE!

THAT'S SWELL! BUT LOOK—YOU'D BETTER ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES—C'MON!



MEANWHILE...

HEY, NICK! JUST SAW THAT SQUIRT, MERRY, PASS WITH A BUNDLE OF CLOTHES ARE THEY TAKING IN WASHING UPSTAIRS? HA-HA!

KIT AND DAN ARE RAISING FUNDS TO BATTLE YOU FOR PEGGY'S COMPANY TOMORROW.



SO—CARTER'S GOING TO FIGHT FOR HER, EH? IT WOULD BE LIKE A DAME TO FALL FOR HIM... UNLESS I GET THERE FIRST! I'VE ALREADY TOLD EVERYONE SHE'S COMING TO SEE ME. I'LL LOOK PRETTY FOOLISH IF SHE DOESN'T!



SOME TIME LATER...

ALMOST THROUGH, FRIEND?

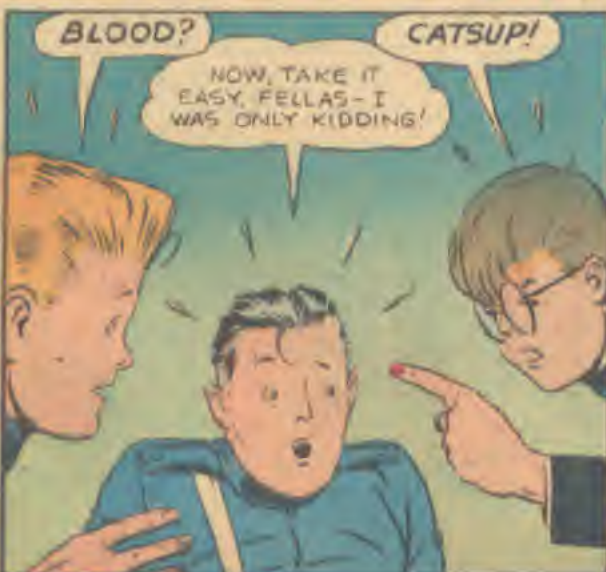
WE'D BETTER NOT HAVE ANY ACCIDENTS... THE GUYS WOULD SKIN US ALIVE! KEEP IT UP!























I OUGHTA BE A P-T BOAT CAPTAIN!

EEEEK!

OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS!

OH!

?



HOLD ON! - BE RIGHT WITH YOU FELLERS!

OH, FASTAH, MISTAH CAHTAH!



UP YOU GO - EASY!

WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT LUG - I'LL T-LL-GRR-R!

OH-H! THANKS!



SOME FUN, EH, SIS? HOW'S ABOUT A NICE SODA?

ANYTHING! - ONLY GET ME OUT OF THIS SEA-GOING JEEP!

FASTER, KIT!



OKAY! - MY HAT-ULP! HEY!

HURRY, CHET!

CAN'T TAKE IT, EH? YOU OVERGROWN WATERBUG!



I'LL BREAK YOU IN TWO, MERRY! YOU - AWK!

TRY SOMETHING BIGGER, CHET!



...LIKE THE LAKE, FOR INSTANCE!

BEAU-U-TIFUL! HA-HA!

HERE! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, CARTER?

OH-OH!



KIT TRIES TO EXPLAIN, BUT COLONEL TILGHMAN STOPS HIM WITH A SMILE.

I'D GIVE YOU THE LICKING OF YOUR LIFE, CARTER, IF THE COLONEL AND THE GIRLS WEREN'T...

I SAW THE WHOLE SHOW! WHY NOT BATTLE IT OUT THIS AFTERNOON IN THE GYMNASIUM? WE'D ALL ENJOY IT!



THE COLONEL'S GOT HIS NUMBER!

OKAY BY ME, SIR!

AND ME! ER... THAT IS, IF MY ARM IS ALL RIGHT BY THEN. - I WRENCHED IT WHEN CARTER TRIPPED ME, SIR!



HE'S LYING! HE FELL IN CLEAN! ... I'LL FIX HIM!

DAN ACTS FAST...

HERE, PAL - THIS WILL MAKE YOU FORGET IT HURTS!

WHAT? HEY! LEGGO - OUCH!

MERRY! STOP!

OW! I'LL STOP HIM!

UHH!

WELL, FOR...



SAY! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT ARM, BIG BOY!

HA-RUMPH!

TEE-HEE!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!



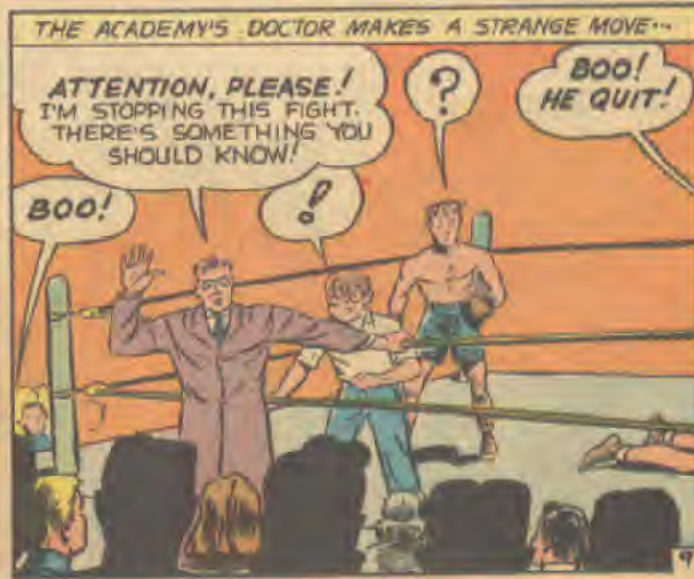
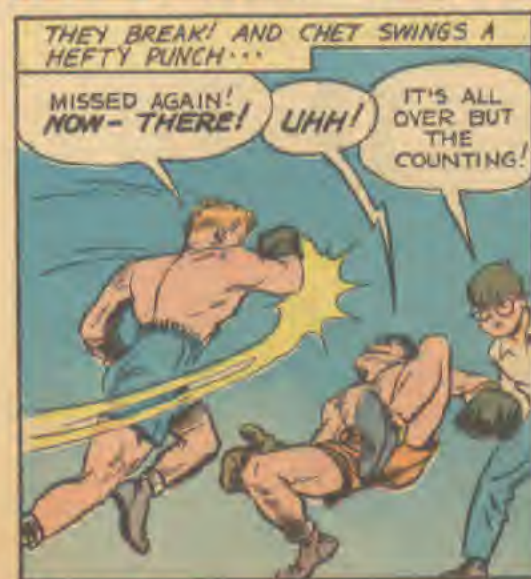
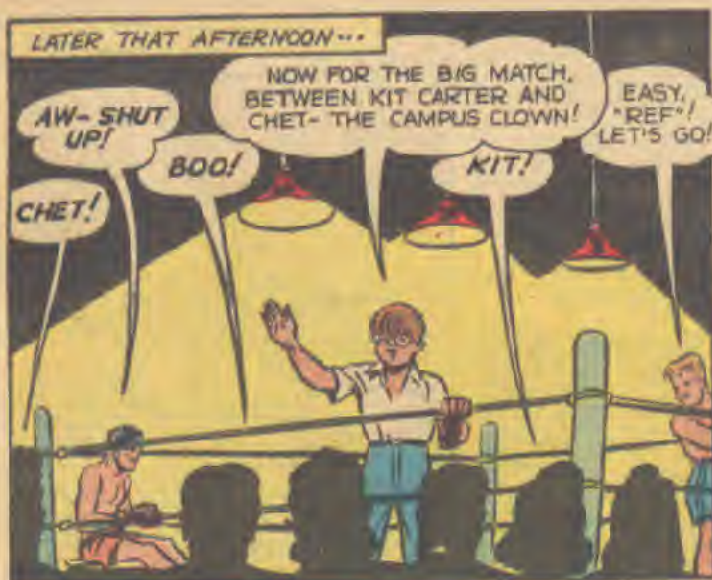
OKAY - SO IT WAS A GAG! CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE? WELL - CAN'T YOU?

THAT'S TELLING HIM! HA-HA!

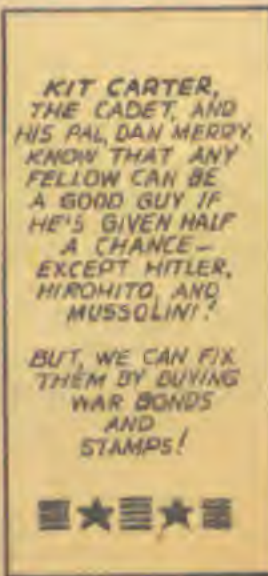
SURE! SURE! - AND IF YOU'RE AS HANDY WITH THE GLOVES AS YOU ARE WITH THE GAGS, I'D BETTER LEAVE TOWN!





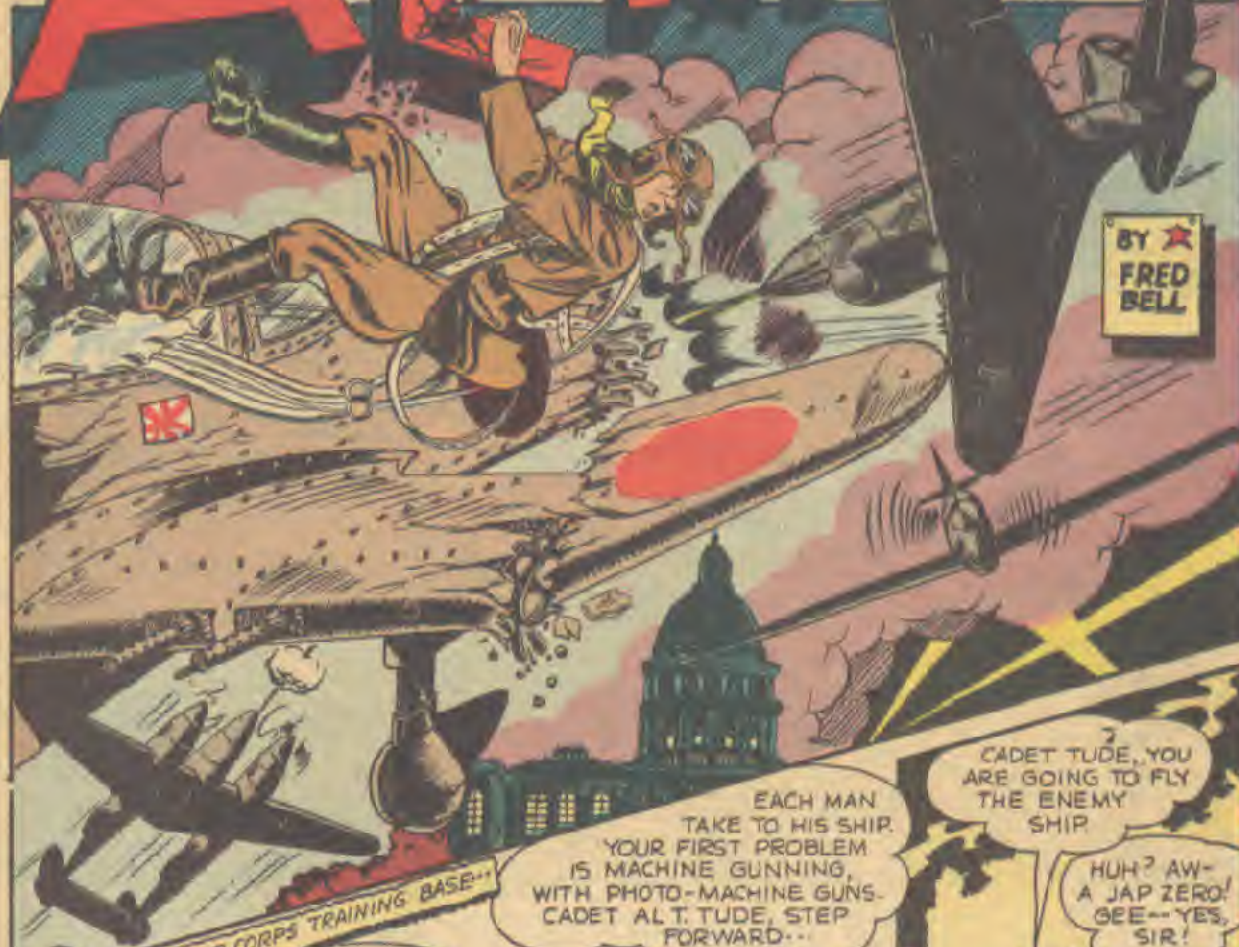








# ALTITUDE



EACH MAN  
TAKE TO HIS SHIP.  
YOUR FIRST PROBLEM  
IS MACHINE GUNNING,  
WITH PHOTO-MACHINE GUNS.  
CADET ALTITUDE, STEP  
FORWARD...

CADET TUDE, YOU  
ARE GOING TO FLY  
THE ENEMY  
SHIP

HUH? AW-  
A JAP ZERO!  
GEE--YES,  
SIR!

YOU LADS HAVE  
BEEN THROUGH PRIMARY  
TRAINING. NOW YOU WILL START  
PRACTICAL COMBAT MANEUVERS.  
CARTER-TAKE OVER!

YES  
SIR!







AL TAKES OFF  
IN THE JAP  
ZERO.

I FEEL LIKE A  
TRAITOR, BUT ORDERS  
ARE ORDERS!



MINUTES LATER...

OH, BOY! HERE  
COMES MY FRIENDLY  
ENEMY! IT'S A GOOD  
THING FOR ME THEY  
ARE ONLY SHOOTING  
FILM!



THE PLANES DIVE AT AL,  
PHOTO GUNS CLICKING.

WOW! I WISH  
THEY WOULDN'T  
PRACTICE SO  
SERIOUSLY!



MEANWHILE, ON THE GROUND...

WHAT'S WORRYING  
YOU, COLONEL?

I'M STILL  
WAITING  
TO HEAR FROM  
WASHINGTON ON  
THAT MATTER.



NO! I WON'T WAIT ANY  
LONGER! I'M FLYING  
TO WASHINGTON,  
NOW— MYSELF!

YES,  
SIR!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

I'M GLAD THAT'S  
OVER! GOSH, I  
MUST HAVE BEEN  
KILLED A DOZEN  
TIMES!



AS AL LANDS...

WHERE'S THE COLONEL?  
THIS LETTER FROM  
WASHINGTON IS  
MARKED "URGENT".

HE'S  
ON  
HIS  
WAY THERE  
NOW. WE MUST  
GET IT TO HIM!



CADET TUDE!  
UP FRONT!

COMING,  
SIR!



YOU WILL FLY TO WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY AND DELIVER THIS TO THE COLONEL. TAKE THE PLANE YOU WERE USING!

YES, SIR!

AL TAKES OFF!

GEE! THE CAPTAIN FORGOT TO TELL ME WHERE THE COLONEL WAS STAYING IN WASHINGTON!

ON THE GROUND, A LONE PLANE-SPOTTER SPIES AL'S PLANE!

A ZERO! THE JAPS ARE INVADING!

AND, AS AL WORRIES HIS WAY TO THE CAPITOL...

HELLO, AIR-FIELD? THIS IS M-1 REPORTING JAP ZERO APPROACHING WASHINGTON-DUE NORTH!

AND THIS SHIP HAS NO RADIO! HOW AM I GOING TO FIND HIM? WASHINGTON IS A BIG PLACE, WHERE SHALL I LOOK FIRST? THE WHITE HOUSE-- THE AIRPORT?

AL FLIES ON... NEARER AND NEARER TO WASHINGTON!

BOUNCING BOMBS! THERE HE IS! OKAY, BOYS-- LET'S GET HIM! WE'LL KNOCK THE NASTY NIP INTO NOTHING!

WELL, WELL-- A FIGHTER ESCORT! SOME CLASS! GUESS THE CAPTAIN WIRED AHEAD WHAT A RELIEF! NOW I'LL FIND THE COLONEL!



**THEN...**



**THUNDERATION!**  
THEY'RE SHOOTING  
AT ME- AND IT  
AIN'T MOTION  
PICTURES!

**HEY! CUT IT OUT!**  
YOU'RE LIABLE  
TO HIT ME!



WHAT'S THE  
BIG---?  
**HOPPIN' HEDGES!**  
**I'M**  
**A JAP!**  
NO, I'M  
**NOT--**  
BUT I'M  
GONNA BE  
A DEAD  
DUCK!

AL USES EVERY SPIN, LOOP,  
TWIST, AND DIVE KNOWN  
(AND UNKNOWN) TO FLIERS...

I'VE BEEN WORRYING  
ABOUT THE WRONG  
THING! IT'S  
UNPATRIOTIC-THAT'S  
WHAT- TO FLY TO  
WASHINGTON IN  
A JAP ZERO!

NOW, WHERE IS  
HE?- UP OR  
DOWN? LEFT  
OR RIGHT?



...AND MANAGES TO  
REACH THE OUTSKIRTS  
OF THE CAPITAL CITY!

THERE'S THE ZERO!  
COMMENCE FIRING-  
BUT LOOK OUT  
FOR OUR MEN  
BEHIND HIM!



AH- WASHINGTON! I'M  
SAFE! **YEOW!** THEY'VE  
GOT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS  
ON ME!--I DON'T  
MIND GIVING MY  
LIFE FOR MY  
COUNTRY, BUT I  
HATE TO  
DIE FOR  
JAPAN!

**BOOM!**



**ULP! THERE  
GOES THE  
WING!**

**BOOM!**





...THE OTHER WING!  
EEK! MY  
TAIL!



SUDDENLY...

BOOM!



GULP! THAT'S ALL—  
THERE ISN'T ANY  
MORE!



I MADE IT!  
BUT HOW DID  
I GET HERE?  
AND, HOW AM  
I GOING TO  
FIND THE  
COLONEL?



AL LANDS IN THE PARK—IN LUCK...  
AND, IN FACT, IN THE COLONEL'S LAP!

SORRY TO  
DISTURB  
YOUR NAP,  
COLONEL!

CADET  
TUDE! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
IN  
WASHINGTON?



I WAS DISPATCHED TO  
DELIVER THIS IMPORTANT  
LETTER TO YOU.

THANK  
HEAVENS! NOW I  
CAN GO BACK TO BED—  
I MANAGED TO RENT  
THIS PARK  
BENCH  
TO SLEEP  
ON!



LET'S SEE...  
'DEAR COLONEL:  
WILL SEND YOU  
A DECISIVE  
ANSWER TO  
YOUR LETTER  
WITHIN THE  
NEXT SIX  
MONTHS!'  
DOH-H!!

HUH?  
IS THAT  
ALL?



ALL I WANTED  
TO KNOW WAS  
WHEN WOULD  
THE WAR  
END!

OH!!

CADET TUDE TAILSPINS INTO  
ANOTHER WHACKY ADVENTURE  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE  
OF TARGET.



# BULL'S-EYE BILL



ON THE SEA OF SAND  
KNOWN AS THE SAHARA  
DESERT, BULL'S-EYE  
BILL AXES THE AXIS  
WHEN HE UNCOVERS  
THE

**SECRET  
OF THE  
SAND DUNES!**

AT AN AMERICAN CAVALRY  
ENCAMPMENT IN NORTH  
AFRICA...

OUR LINES WERE BOMBED  
AGAIN LAST NIGHT...  
THOSE ENEMY PLANES  
ARE COMING FROM  
**BEHIND** OUR LINES!  
WE'VE GOT TO  
FIND OUT  
WHERE!

MAYBE  
PANTHO AND I  
CAN FIND SOME-  
THING... WE'LL  
SADDLE UP.

BUT, BEEL, WHERE  
COULD THE NAZIS  
HIDE AN AIR-  
FIELD IN  
THE OPEN  
DESERT?

THAT'S  
WHAT WE'RE  
GOING TO  
FIND OUT!

HERE, CAPTAIN-  
DON'T FORGET  
YOUR "WALKY-  
TALKY"!  
GOOD LUCK AND  
GOOD HUNTING!

THANKS,  
MAJOR!





BILL AND RANCHO LEAVE THE DESERT TRAILS AND STRIKE OUT INTO THE UNCHARTED WASTES!



IT IS ALREADY NIGHT, BEEL, AND STEEL WE FIND NOTHING!

I KNOW—WAIT! LISTEN!



THEY HEAR THE STEADY DRONE OF MOTORS AND, OUT OF THE BLACK NIGHT, A SQUADRON OF LOW-FLYING NAZI BOMBERS WINGS INTO VIEW.



COME ON, RANCHO! THEY ONLY TOOK OFF A FEW MINUTES AGO—SOMEWHERE DEAD AHEAD!

I'M WEETH YOU, BEEL!



BILL AND RANCHO SPUR THEIR WEARY MOUNTS OVER THE SAND!



THEN...

HOLD! THOSE PLANES MUST HAVE TAKEN OFF FROM SOME PLACE NEAR HERE.

THERE IS NOTHING HERE, BEEL, BUT MORE SAND. MAYBE IT WAS A MIRAGE, EH?

MIRAGE NOTHING! LISTEN! I HEAR MOTORS AGAIN... THEY'RE COMING BACK. DISMOUNT, RANCHO, QUICKLY!





ONCE AGAIN, THE NAZI PLANES SWOOP LOW, AND THIS TIME THEY GLIDE DOWN TO THE DESERT FLOOR.



BILL AND PANCHO SPUR THEIR HORSES AWAY TO AVOID POSSIBLE DETECTION.



KEEP DOWN LOW, PANCHO!

YES, BEEL. SEE-THOSE PLANES, THEY LAND BEHIND THE SAND DUNES OVER THERE!



THE NAZI AIRCRAFT DISAPPEAR BEHIND THE CREST OF A SAND DUNE.



THE TWO SOLDIERS WRIGGLE SILENTLY CLOSER TO THE ENEMY CAMP!

WELL, I'LL BE—!



AND, BEFORE THEIR EYES, THE SILENT DESERT BECOMES A BUSY AIRFIELD!



WHEW! AN UNDERGROUND AIRBASE IN THE SAHARA! SOME SET UP!

WE RADIO THE BASE, YES?





NOT MUCH TIME TO RADIO,  
PANCHO. DAWN WILL BREAK  
SOON AND WE'LL BE  
DISCOVERED! WE  
CAN'T WAIT FOR  
REINFORCEMENTS.

**BILL!  
LOOK!**



A TROUPE OF ARAB HORSEMEN APPEAR, OUTLINED  
AGAINST THE SKY BY THE LIGHT OF  
THE COMING DAWN.



WE MAY GET HELP  
FROM THAT BAND OF  
ARABS! COME ON!



AN AMERICAN  
OFFICER!

HELLO! WE NEED  
YOUR HELP - TO  
FIGHT SOME NAZIS!



BILL TELLS THE ARAB CHIEF  
WHAT THEY FOUND...

WE TOO WERE FOLLOWING  
THE SOUND OF THE ENEMY  
PLANE. WE ARE HONORED  
TO STRIKE A BLOW WITH  
OUR AMERICAN  
FRIENDS!



MY THIRTY  
MEN ARE AT  
YOUR COMMAND  
AND EXTRA  
HORSES!

THIRTY  
MEN  
ISN'T  
MUCH TO  
ATTACK  
WITH. BUT-



SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT!

**DUCK!** THE NAZIS HAVE  
SPOTTED US! NOW WE  
ATTACK! LET'S GET  
GOING! WHERE ARE THOSE  
EXTRA HORSES, CHIEF?





BILL LEADS THE FIERCE ARAB HORSEMEN IN A WILD CHARGE ACROSS THE DESERT!



AS THE SMALL BAND CHARGES IN, NAZIS POUR FROM THEIR SECRET BASE TO GIVE BATTLE!



AND, ALTHOUGH BILL'S TROOP IS OUTNUMBERED, THE FEROCITY OF THEIR ATTACK BOWLS THE NAZIS OVER.



RUN, KARL! THESE MEN ARE DEVILS!

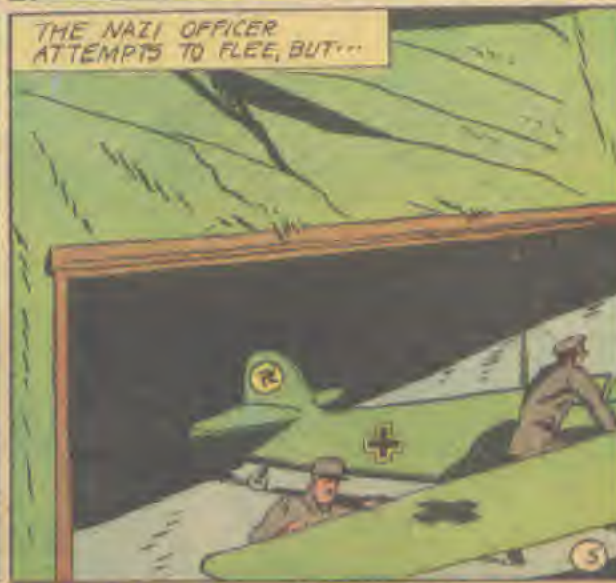
GET OUT OF MY WAY!



QUICK! WARM UP MY PLANE!



THE NAZI OFFICER ATTEMPTS TO FLEE, BUT...





BILL SEES AND RACES FORWARD TO INTERCEPT THE ESCAPE!

THE PLANE IS MOVING—  
I'LL HAVE TO CUT  
ACROSS...



BILL BARELY MANAGES TO CATCH THE PLANE AS IT RACES ALONG THE GROUND, GATHERING SPEED.

HE'LL TAKE OFF  
IN A SECOND! IT'S  
NOW OR NEVER!



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, BILL  
SPRINGS FROM THE  
SADDLE...



...AND LANDS ATOP THE TINY  
PLANE— THE GERMAN  
OFFICER IS HELPLESS IN HIS  
POWERFUL GRIP.

THIS IS SORT OF  
LIKE THROWING A  
STEER!



THE NAZI LOSES CONTROL OF  
HIS PLANE AND IT NOSSES  
OVER INTO THE SAND.



BEEL! YOU  
ARE ALL  
RIGHT!

SURE! BUT  
HERE'S ANOTHER  
BRONCHO YOU  
CAN CORRAL  
WITH THE REST!



THE BATTLE SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED,  
BILL RADIOS THE GOOD NEWS TO  
HIS BASE.

THE SHOW'S OVER, MAJOR!  
YOU WON'T BE HEARING  
ANY MORE FROM THOSE  
PLANES. THANKS TO  
OUR ARAB  
FRIENDS!



THE NAZIS  
HAVE  
LEARNED  
ONCE AGAIN  
THAT IT'S  
EASIER TO  
TALK ABOUT  
BEATING US  
THAN IT IS  
TO DO IT!

TAKE A  
CRACK AT  
THE NAZIS  
YOURSELF!  
BUY WAR  
BONDS AND  
STAMPS!



# STORIES OF THE UNITED NATIONS



IN OLD CHINA, MANY CENTURIES AGO, A GREAT WALL WAS BUILT OF STONE AND BRICK. IN TIME, HOWEVER, IT CRUMBLLED AND NOW ONLY A PORTION REMAINS. BUT TODAY -- IN MODERN CHINA, THERE STANDS ANOTHER WALL...ONE THAT CAN NEVER FALL!

IN 1931, WHEN CHINA FIRST FELT THE HEAVY HEEL OF THE INVADER, CHANG WEI WAS BUT A SIMPLE, UP-HILL FARMER. HE HAD A GOOD WIFE, A LITTLE SON, AND A FEW FERTILE FIELDS.



BUT THEN, ONE DAY --

HALLO, HU-SIN! WHAT IS THE MATTER?

THE INVADER! HE IS COMING! TAKE YOUR WIFE AND FLEE!



BUT WHY SHOULD I RUN? THIS IS MY HOME! WHAT WILL BECOME OF THEM IF I LEAVE?

WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU IF YOU ARE CAUGHT?









WITH A SHOUT OF VENGEANCE, CHANG AND HIS MEN LEAP TO ATTACK.



YOU DO NOT TAKE OUR LAND FROM US SO EASILY, INVADER!



H-E-L-P! THE SWAMP IS PULLING ME DOWN! HELP!

AS THE JAP TURNS TO FLEE, WE STEPS FROM THE NARROW PATH OF SOLID GROUND INTO A POOL OF QUICKSAND.

THE INVADERS ARE NOT CONQUERORS THIS TIME, BUT WE CANNOT HOPE TO FIGHT THEM WITH ONLY OUR SWORDS! WE MUST HAVE WEAPONS!



IT IS SAID THAT IN CHUNGKING A GREAT MAN IS GATHERING AN ARMY TO FIGHT THESE JAPANESE! LET US JOURNEY THERE TO JOIN HIM!



THAT IS GOOD! WE WILL STOP FIRST AT THE NEXT TOWN FOR OUR FAMILIES!



HALF HOUR LATER...

PREPARE FOR A LONG JOURNEY, WIFE! WE HAVE ALL AGREED TO GO TO CHUNGKING!



AND SO, THE COURAGEOUS PEOPLE BEGIN THEIR LONG TREK -- DOWN INTO DEEP VALLEYS AND OVER HIGH PEAKS.











HU-SIN! HA, YOU HAVE ARRIVED FIRST! THE HONOR BELONGS TO YOU!

BUT LOOK HOW MANY ARE TO BE HONORED BEFORE US!



HOURS LATER...

I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO PROUD OF ANY SUIT!

NOR I-- WAIT UNTIL THE FAMILY SEES ME!



AH, HU-SIN, NOW WE ARE MEMBERS OF THE CHINESE REGULAR ARMY!



MY, CHANG, HOW FINE YOU LOOK! WE ARE SO PROUD!



ACROSS THE SEA ANOTHER GREAT PEOPLE, THE AMERICANS, ARE GIVING US GUNS, PLANES, BULLETS! SOON, WE WILL RETURN TO OUR FARMS AND HILLS!



AND JOURNEYING THROUGH THE PERILOUS COUNTRY OF CHINA, ALL MEN HAVE COME TO CHUNGKING TO UNITE UNDER THE GREAT LEADERSHIP OF GENERALISSIMO CHIANG-KAI SHEK! YES, THERE IS A NEW WALL BEING ERRECTED ABOUT CHINA AND THIS TIME, AGE CANNOT ERODE IT NOR WILL ANY ENEMY EVER TRESPASS BEYOND IT!



# DEEP WATER



## DANGER

THE SKY was clear blue and the surface of the ocean almost a dead calm, but Chris was scared, deep and hard. The trawler rocked lazily at anchor, her boom and rigging whispering as her scarred hull swung sleepily in the swell.

"Ready, Chris?"

Chris looked up quickly. "Huh? Oh — sure, I'm ready. Sure, let's get started."

Chris had known before they came out here that he was going down to work deeper than he'd ever gone before. He knew.

"You won't have any trouble," Marty soothed and Chris knew Marty was wondering if Chris would go through with it after what had happened that other time.

Chris thought about that now. It required an effort to make his mind recall what had happened. It was almost six months ago and the depth hadn't been as great as it was to be now. He remembered it very clearly as if it had just been a few days ago instead of six months. Diving was like anything else, a profession, and one that Chris had loved just as other men loved automobile repairing or flying a plane or being a lawyer.

"Head-gear, Chris," Marty murmured.

Chris started again. "Yeah . . . wait a sec. Got a crick—"

He worked his neck slowly, pinning his eyes to the sky above him for perhaps the last time—

Chump! Last time nothing. He was going down and coming up again. Why let a little thing like what had happened that other time. . . .

Chris knew that going down again was going to be a grim, hard-fought proposition, out of which he would escape victorious through his wits, his ability as a diver or. . . .

He knew he'd never forget reaching the hull of that vessel, making his survey, entering the ship through one of the doors. He had started down a flight of stairs and they gave under him. He had dropped into the sunken depths of the old hull while above him the door had swung shut and he'd been trapped, unable to signal to those above him, unable to help himself immediately. When he'd felt the chill fingers of water seeping through the leg of his suit. . . .

"Okay, Chris?" Marty's voice was soft. It was more than a

question concerning the crick in Chris' neck. He knew that, as he met Marty's eyes and saw the real question in them.

"Okay," Chris forced himself to say. "Seal me up and let's get started. . . ."

HE SANK through the ocean realizing that they were lowering him with care and ease, because all of them knew what had happened. It was dangerous, this trip, more so than any of the others in the past. Not like it had been years ago. Now there were submarines, floating mines. You might be down there and suddenly have your ship up on surface blown into the middle of next week.

Chris signaled for a stop as a dark shape slid under him, a shape both ugly and beautiful . . . one of the killer sharks plentiful in these parts. Chris wasn't ready for anything of that sort. Up above they'd think he'd lost his nerve—

Chris grimly signaled to go down. He kept a sharp watch until he reached the floor and saw the lean hull away to his right and cautiously he pressed in that direction.

The torpedo had certainly opened her up. For a little



while Chris forgot his own anxieties as he investigated the gaping wound in the side of the destroyer. This was a rush job. Uncle Sam needed the papers and other data in the captain's quarters. It was up to Chris to get that material!

Chris pushed around against the current. It was the first real exertion he had had and now he found it tiring, and realized that perhaps he shouldn't have attempted this quite so soon. But he couldn't go back up. They'd be convinced he was yellow.

Chris pushed ahead. He made a careful survey, discovering that the destroyer was resting in a cradle on the bottom, with the floor running down hill on either side. It seemed secure enough but, the tide. . .

Chris entered through the port wound; he had to be careful now. He moved ahead cautiously, picking his way with care to avoid ragged edges; twisted, distorted machinery. He'd memorized a diagram of the ship. He was pretty sure he knew where he stood, where to find the stairs, the hall that led to the captain's quarters, the water-proof strong box in which the papers were locked.

Chris reached the hallway. As he moved cautiously ahead he wondered why the navy hadn't taken this job themselves. He supposed that divers were not available, probably were scattered around the far four corners of the earth. There were enough other jobs for them.

Uncle Sam had to have these papers. What they were was a military secret, few people would ever know even after the war. But Chris wasn't so concerned with that as with getting them and . . . getting out again!

He was in the cabin. It took shape before him and he hesi-

tated just inside the door, getting his bearings. He started forward. . .

**HIS FEET** slipped from under him and he dropped to the floor, then slid slowly until he struck the wall feet first. He waited there, feeling sweat break out all over his body. The floor was slanting sharply. . .

**The hull had shifted!**

He remembered the gaping wound in the side through which he had entered. Foolishly perhaps. It would have been better to come in off the deck—

Slowly, Chris got to his feet. Fear had grown within him and he battled against it, against the overwhelming desire to get out of here, to be lifted back up to the surface, to get his feet on solid earth! His teeth were chattering. Sweat bathed his body. He was close to panic and for a moment he leaned against the slanting wall, fighting fear, gradually overcoming it until his heart stopped its smothered hammering and his breathing was easier.

Chris pushed cautiously forward. It was dangerous, slow work. He stopped once more and closed his eyes to think, recalling painstakingly the diagrammed details of the cabin, the location of the equipment, the box. . .

Chris reached his objective. The box was heavy but he could manage it. Good thing those under-water killers hadn't known about this booty. Boy, wouldn't it burn them up if they ever found out . . . he felt better thinking about that!

Carefully Chris retraced his steps. His body was weak from exertion now. Again fear was crawling into his heart, trying to hurry his steps. Which side did the ship lie on? He was all

mixed up now, couldn't remember how he'd come in. He reached the wound. . .

**THE DESTROYER** lay on this side!

For a moment the full knowledge struck Chris with such force that he almost lost his nerve, his ability to think . . . his mind! But there was, he knew desperately, a chance. Room perhaps to squeeze through—

Chris felt his way onto the floor of the ocean. He needed all his courage and nerve now. He steadied himself as he bent down and forced his body up between the hull and the sand. He had to struggle to keep his mind and body coordinated, as he snaked his way forward, dragging the box doggedly after him. His body jammed in between the ship and the sand. He had to be careful . . . careful. If she rolled over, if the tide shifted her again. . .

**PRESSURE LIFTED** as Chris crawled out from under, forced unwilling legs to support him. He moved away into the current, till he could turn and look back at the hull lying there on her side. He drew a deep breath as he gripped his prize and signaled to be taken up.

He watched the hull disappear beneath him in the luminous green of the ocean. It had been nip and tuck. Tuck . . . or maybe it was Nip . . . had nearly won.

But Chris and Uncle Sam had been the final victors. As Chris watched the vague outline of the destroyer merge with the shadows of the ocean, he knew that he'd won! That he was cured! That he'd never again be afraid to do his job!

*The End.*



# DAN'L FLANNEL

GENERAL STORE

## NOTICE

THE ANNUAL BASEBALL "TORNEE-MENT" BETWEEN THE HOMESPUN CENTER CAT-FISH AND THE VICIOUS VALLEY VARMINTS WILL BE PLAYED ON LABOR DAY. SIGN UP FOR THE GAME TODAY. FREE SODA POP AND MEDICAL CARE FOR ALL PLAYERS! EVERYONE WELCOME TO WATCH, BUT THE COMMITTEE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY ACCIDENTS! COME ALL! (AT YOUR OWN RISK!)

WHY... WE'LL LICK THOSE VARMINTS WIF OUR HANDS TIED BEHIND OUR BACKS!

HUH? HOW'RE WE GONNA BAT?

YOU SIGNIN' UP, DAN'L?

AH SHORE AM! AH'M SIGNIN' UP -- AS PITCHER.

AND AT THE REGISTRATION BOOTH--

THASS IT, DAN'L -- JES' PUT YORE NAME THAR!

THAR SHE BE!

SAY--WHO BE THET ONE BEHINE DAN'L?

THE NEXT MAN STEPS FORWARD.

NAME?

B'AR GREASE WILLIAMS AN' AH AIMS TO BE PITCHER O' THIS OUTFIT

STOP! HE CAN'T SIGN UP! IT'S ILLEGAL!







LATER THAT DAY...

LABOR DAY— JUST BEFORE THE GAME...

EEMAGINE THET POLE-CAT A-TRYIN' TA ROOIN' OUR TEAM!

NOT WHILE AH'M THE UMPIRE OF TOMORROW'S GAME HE WON'T!

HERE! I'LL TAKE THET!

BUT, CONSTABUL HOW WE GONNA SHOW OUR DISLIKES WIFOUT WEAPONS?



THE PLAYERS TAKE THEIR POSITIONS AND THE MAYOR OF HOMESPUN CENTER IS ABOUT TO THROW THE FIRST BALL IN...

ALL BALLS LOADED WIF DYNAMITE HAVE BEEN DISCARDED. GUESS IT'S SAFE TO START.



TH' VARMINTS ARE AT BAT FUST... PLAY BALL!

WIF UNCLE DUD UMPIRING, THIS'LL BE A FAIR GAME—AH HOPES!





THE CROWD GOES  
WILD AS THE  
VARMINTS LOAD  
THE BASES!

B'AR GREASE  
WILLIAMS  
COMES TO BAT!

GUESS IT'S UP TA  
ME -- CAIN'T  
LET THE 'CAT-  
FISH' DOWN!

(CHUCKLE)  
WAIT'LL AH SLAMS  
THAT PILL OUT!  
(CHUCKLE)

C'MON  
FLANNEL!

DAN'L WINDS UP...  
HE PITCHES!

BALL, HYAR  
YO' GOES TO  
ALASKY!

GRUNT-

SMACK

CRACK

A HOME  
RUN! WE  
IS LICKED!

THE FLANNELS IS  
NEVER LICKED!  
I DIDN'T LIKE TH'  
SOUND O' THET  
BAT!

SAY! 'TAIN'T FAIR!  
WILLIAMS USED  
A BAT LOADED  
WIF IRON!

NO WONDER  
THET WEAKLIN'  
GOT A HOMER!

TH' RULE BOOK DON'T SAY  
NOTHIN' ABOUT USIN'  
THET KINDA BAT. SO  
AH SAYS TH' SCORE  
COUNTS!

BUT IT  
AIN'T FAIR,  
VARMINT,  
AND AH SAYS  
THE RUNS DON'T  
COUNT!







THE GAME GOES ON. NO RUNS ARE HIT FOR THE NEXT EIGHT INNINGS. IT IS NOW THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH WITH THE CAT-FISH AT BAT. WHEN...

A ONE-BAGGER!

SMACK!

THE LAST INNING RALLY CONTINUES. THE BASES ARE LOADED WHEN DAN'L STEPS TO THE PLATE...

DAN'L'S UP NEXT!

DAN'L, YO' HAVE TH' CHANCE TO WIN TH' GAME. EF'N YO' DOES, YO' GETS A BRAND NEW BUCKSKIN JACKET AS A BONUS.

THEN AH'S GOT TO DO IT!

YOU SHOULD BE WIF TH' WIMMIN. 'STEAD O' PLAYIN' BALL!

YO' JUS' CHUCK IN THET PILL 'N STOP WORRYIN' YERSELF OUT OV BREATH!

(CHUCKLE) IF'N AH CAN'T STRIKE 'IM OUT, AH'LL KNOCK 'IM OUT O' THE GAME!

THE BALL STREAKS FOR DAN'L'S HEAD— BUT...

WOW! HE'S TRYIN' TO MURDER ME!

ZZIPP

BAR GREASE IS WARNED BY UNCLE DUD ABOUT THIS USE OF THE 'BEAN BALL', AND THE GAME CONTINUES.

BOY! HERE COMES ONE RIGHT OVER THE PLATE!

CRAT

AN' THAR IT GOES— BACK WHAR IT CAME FRUM!











# THE TARGET

and the TARGETEERS

MAKE WAY!  
THE TARGET AND THE  
TARGETEERS  
GO INTO ACTION AGAIN BY  
SPECIAL REQUEST OF THE  
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!  
WITH TYPICAL AMERICAN  
COURAGE AND DARING,  
THE TARGET PROVES THAT  
YOU CAN'T BE RIGHT IF  
YOU'RE ON THE WRONG  
SIDE - IN THE  
CASE OF THE  
**ERRING SPY!**



IN A DOWNTOWN HOTEL,  
NILES REED, THE TARGET,  
TOMMY BROWN AND DAVE  
FOSTER, THE TARGETEERS,  
ARE STILL ON FURLOUGH.

SECONDS LATER...

WHAT'S SHE  
GOT THAT  
WE HAVEN'T?

SEE YOU TWO  
GUYS LATER  
I'VE A DATE

HAVE  
A GOOD  
TIME!

GOT TO BE GOING  
MYSELF, NILES. UH...  
MEETING ONE OF THE  
FELLOWS FROM THE  
BOAT!

WHAT? YOU, TOO?  
WELL, ENJOY  
YOURSELF!

STILL LATER...

I'M GLAD THE BOYS LEFT  
EARLY. IT WOULD BE  
IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO TELL  
THEM WHERE  
I'M GOING  
THIS  
EVENING.





MINUTES LATER AT MILITARY INTELLIGENCE...



NILES ENTERS...

DAVE! TOMMY! WHAT IS THIS?

HAH! LOOKS AS IF YOU BOYS FOOLED ONE ANOTHER!



OUT COLD! WHO IS HE, MAJOR?

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW! THIS MAN WAS CAUGHT WHEN WE CLOSED IN ON A SPY RING. THE OTHERS ESCAPED THROUGH AN ALLEY WAY!





HOLD ON! I DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY! SUPPOSE WE BRING HIM, STILL UNCONSCIOUS, TO THE ALLEYWAY— THEN LET HIM COME TO.

AH! AND WHEN HE COMES TO, YOU'LL FOLLOW HIM DIRECT TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS-- TO HIS LEADER!



**LATER...**

I'M NOT SURE WHICH OF MY UNIFORMS I PREFER

WELL, WE CARRY ON FOR UNCLE SAM IN BOTH! UH... HERE'S THE PLACE!



**THE SPY IS CARRIED FROM THE CAR...**

LAY HIM DOWN HERE. WE'LL WAIT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE!

RIGHT!



**A SHORT TIME LATER...**

HE'S STARTING TO COME OUT OF IT.

QUIET, NOW!



OH-MY HEAD!-- THERE WAS A FIGHT-- THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER. HMPH... BETTER GET TO HEADQUARTERS!

I GUESS MY MEN TOOK CARE OF THOSE FEDERAL AGENTS.



**THE SPY TOUCHES THE PACKING CASE AND A CONCEALED DOOR OPENS IN.**

NOW, TO MAKE MY REPORT!







THE TARGETEER STRIKES QUICKLY!









WHILE OUTSIDE...



SUDDENLY...



INSIDE THE ROOM, THEY ARE GREETED BY LONG.



NO...NOT A FIRING SQUAD! WE HAVE A MORE SUBTLE METHOD OF DISPOSING OF PEOPLE WHOM WE DON'T CARE TO HAVE AROUND!

WHAT'S HE DRIVING AT?

I DON'T KNOW YET- HE'S PRESSING THAT BUTTON...

SHUT UP! MOVE!







# SPECK SPOT and SIS

CAPTAIN SPECK IS IN THE HOSPITAL AND CAPTAIN BETTY OF THE J.A.C.S. DECIDES THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO GET CAUGHT UP ON CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE OTHER J.A.C. AND VIOT CLUBS ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.

ALSO, A DESIGN FOR A J.A.C. EMBLEM MUST BE CHOSEN FROM THE MANY SENT IN BY THE READERS.

OF COURSE, LITTLE SIS PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE CHOOSING OF THE EMBLEM... SO SHE THINKS.

VIOT - VICTORY IS OUR TARGET.  
J.A.C. - JUNIOR AUXILIARY CORPS.

THANKS, BOYS AND GIRLS, FOR SENDING IN ALL THOSE DESIGNS FOR THE J.A.C. EMBLEM. THEY ARE ALL GOOD, BUT WE CAN USE ONLY ONE, SO WE WILL MAKE OUR CHOICE TODAY.

I DON'T KNOW 'BOUT ME HELPIN'. I'M JUST TERRIBLE BUSY TODAY!



LITTLE SIS, YOU BRING IN THE MAIL AND DUMP IT HERE. I'LL SORT OUT THE MOST LIKELY DESIGNS.

GOSH! WISH I WAS A GENERAL.



THEN WE'LL TAKE THEM TO SPECK AND HAVE HIM HELP CHOOSE THE BEST DESIGN FOR THE J.A.C.S.



THERE ARE TWO YOUNG LADIES CALLING.

PLEASE SHOW THEM IN.



NURSE DOES THE PATIENT FEEL LIKE DOING SOME WORK TODAY?

OH, YES, INDEED! A LITTLE WORK WILL DO HIM GOOD.

IT'S A LOT OF FOOLISHNESS. WE'D DO BETTER IF WE GOT OUT AND SOLD WAR STAMPS!

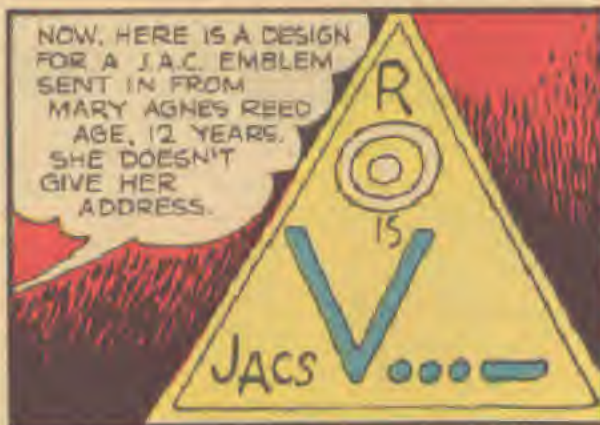




THERE WERE SO MANY IDEAS FOR OUR J.A.C. EMBLEM SENT IN. LITTLE SIS AND I WENT OVER THEM AND PICKED OUT A FEW OF THE BEST. -- THERE MUST BE A LOT OF J.A.C. AND V.I.O.T. CLUBS-- THEY'RE SO PATRIOTIC.



NOW, HERE IS A DESIGN FOR A J.A.C. EMBLEM SENT IN FROM MARY AGNES REED AGE, 12 YEARS. SHE DOESN'T GIVE HER ADDRESS.



THIS ONE IS FROM RICHARD MOSKOVITZ, 5542 WILKINS AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.



THIS IS A DANDY IDEA FROM MISS FRANCIS MADORA FRANCE 531 G, CHARLOTTE COURT, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.



HERE ARE MORE-- FROM CHARLES ISLE, JR., DEERWOOD, MINNESOTA; ANOTHER FROM MICKY COLIZZI, GENEVA, N.Y.; AND ONE FROM MELVIN CLINE, DENVER, COLORADO. ANOTHER FROM BILLY ROHLAND, SOMERVILLE, NEW JERSEY-- WHO SAYS 'THUMBS UP AND KEEP 'EM LAUGHING'. AND HERE IS A WHOLE BUNCH OF EMBLEM IDEAS FROM JOE PEASLEE, FAIRFIELD, MONTANA-- AND A LOT MORE. ISN'T IT THRILLING? AND THERE ARE SO MANY NATIONALITIES REPRESENTED ALL OF THEM NOW AMERICANS. GOSH! IT'S GREAT!!

BUT, HERE IS MY FIRST CHOICE. IT IS SIMPLE IN DESIGN AND TELLS THE STORY.

I AGREE WITH YOU, BETTY. LET'S GET IT MADE UP RIGHT AWAY, SO YOU GIRLS CAN START TO WEAR THEM!

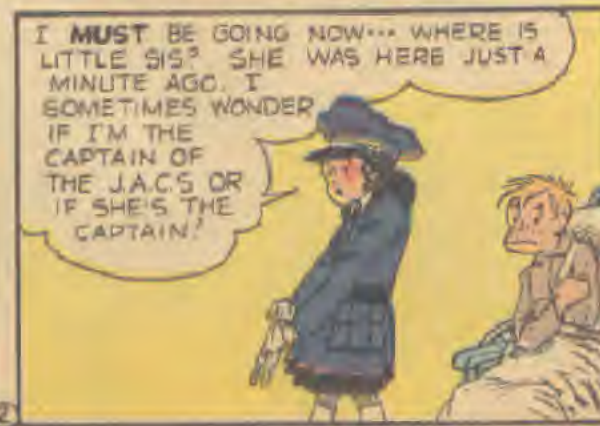


AND HERE'S THE FIRST CHOICE!

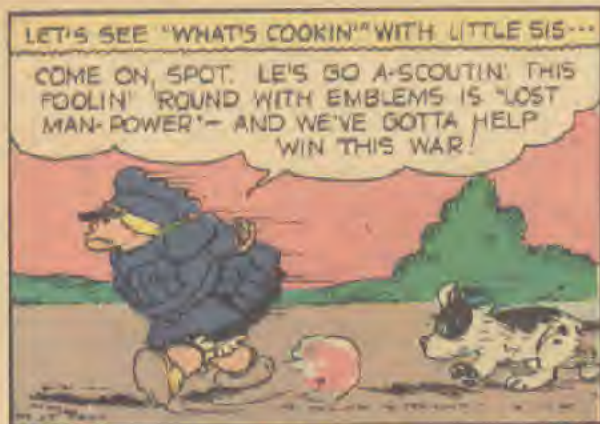


FROM LINCOLN N. Y. 61 CHRISTIE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

I MUST BE GOING NOW... WHERE IS LITTLE SIS? SHE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO. I SOMETIMES WONDER IF I'M THE CAPTAIN OF THE J.A.C.S OR IF SHE'S THE CAPTAIN!



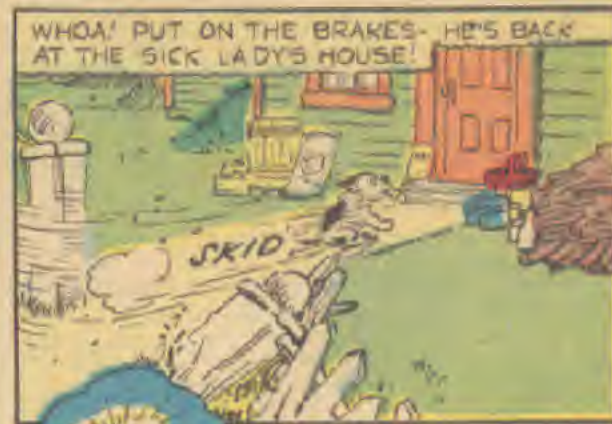
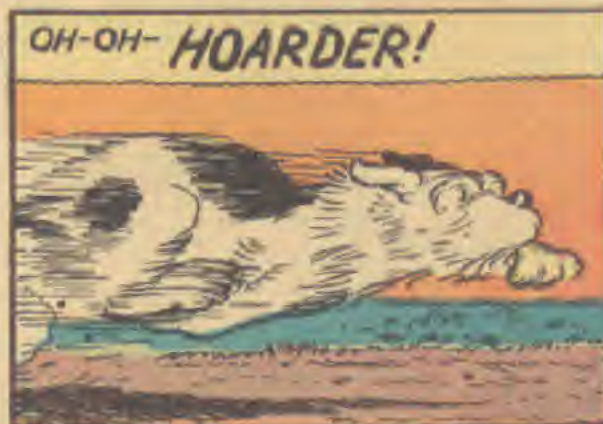














# PETE STOCKBRIDGE

ALIAS  
THE

# Chameleon

CHAMELEON, LONE AGENT  
FOR FREEMEN EVERYWHERE,  
CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND  
THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND,  
HRS LANDED IN FRANCE TO  
BEGIN HIS GLOBAL CRUSADE  
AGAINST TERRORISM  
AND SLAVERY!



THE CHAMELEON WANDERS THROUGH A TOWN  
IN FRANCE...

GERMAN OCCUPATION  
HEADQUARTERS? IT MAKES ME  
THINK OF NIKKI. WONDER IF I'LL  
MEET HER AND HER  
UNDERGROUND ARMY AGAIN



SUDDENLY, A TERRIFIC BLAST RENDS THE  
NAZI HEADQUARTERS!





WOW! THAT WAS SOME EXPLOSION! WHERE ARE THOSE FRENCHIES GOING?— SAY, THAT GIRL LOOKS LIKE NIKKI!



THE EXPLOSION BRINGS A SQUAD OF NAZIS...

HALT! SEIZE THEM! THEY ARE THE ONES WHO THREW THAT BOMB!

MON DIEUX! WE ARE TRAPPED!



IT IS NIKKI! HERE I COME, FRITZIES!



CAN'T WASTE TIME NOW! DON'T GET IN MY WAY, BUD!



CHAMELEON! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE AROUND!

HI, NIKKI!



OTHER FRENCHMEN RUSH FROM NEARBY BUILDINGS, GLAD OF THE CHANCE TO STRIKE AT THEIR HATED CONQUERORS AND JOIN THE FIGHT.

COME ON, PIERRE! THE BOCHE IS FIGHTING!





WITH FEROCITY BORN OF LONG-HIDDEN HATRED, THE FRENCHMEN LEAP ON THE NAZIS.



BUT, THE ALARM FOR HELP IS SENT OUT AND SOON THE NAZI TROOPS ARRIVE.



THERE ARE TOO MANY NAZIS HERE NOW! MAYBE IF I CAN SLIP AWAY...



THE CHAMELEON TAKES REFUGE IN A NEARBY ALLEYWAY.

THEY'VE GOT NIKKI, BUT THEY HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME!



NEXT MORNING...

A NEW COAT, AND THE CHAMELEON COMES OUT OF DISGUISE!



SO, THIS IS WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING NIKKI! THE TOWN BASTILLE!













THE FOLLOWING DAY...

PLEASE LET ME GO, SIR!  
I WON'T SELL ZE FLAGS  
ANY MORE—PLEASE  
LET ME GO!

THE OLD MAN  
IS A HARMLESS  
IDIOT! LET HIM  
GO!

STRAIGHTWAY, THE CHAMELEON  
HEADS FOR THE CENTER OF TOWN!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE. NOW,  
TO FIND THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE.

FINDING HIS WAY INTO  
THE CELLAR, THE  
CHAMELEON DISCOVERS—  
BOY! SOME COLLECTION  
OF NOISEMAKERS!

THERE! I'VE GOT THREE  
BOMBS AND TWO  
PISTOLS UNDER MY  
COAT—TOO BAD I CAN'T  
CARRY MORE!

BOLDLY, THE CHAMELEON ENTERS THE PRISON.

I FORGOT MY FLAGS.  
DID I LEAVE THEM  
HERE? MY PRETTY  
FLAGS!

WHAT? YOU AGAIN?  
LOCK HIM UP!

VOT IS DER MATTER?  
DON'T YOU FRENCHIES  
EVER GET ENOUGH OF YOUR  
LOVELY JAIL?



SAFELY BEHIND BARS...

NIKKI! LIE DOWN FLAT ON THE FLOOR OF YOUR CELL- QUICK!



THE CHAMELEON TOSSES ONE OF THE BOMBS AND--



... THE CELL DOORS ARE BLOWN OPEN!



COME ON, NIKKI! WE'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!



HERE COME MORE NAZIS! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN.

THIS WAY, CHAMELEON!



LOOK!

GET BEHIND ME!



THERE'S GONNA BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT!

ACH DU LIEBER!

HIMMEL



CHAMELEON'S BOMB HITS HOME!





LET'S DUCK IN HERE! IF WE CAN REACH THE ROOF, WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET AWAY



BUT, A NAZI SEES THEM ENTER THE HOUSE.

ACHTUNG! HALT!  
THIS IS THE END  
OF THE ROAD!



WITH A LIGHTNING MOVEMENT, THE CHAMELEON DRAWS AND FIRES!



AGAIN THE CHAMELEON HAS OUT-SMARTED THE NAZIS!

HE'S DEAD, CHAMELEON!  
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



ON TOP OF THE ROOF...

GO ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS, NIKKI, UNTIL YOU REACH THE EDGE OF TOWN! YOU CAN ESCAPE EASILY FROM THERE!

AND YOU?  
BE CAREFUL,  
CHAMELEON!  
WE'LL MEET  
AGAIN.



TILL WE MEET  
AGAIN!

AU  
REVOIR!



ONCE MORE  
THE CHAMELEON  
HAS TRICKED  
THE NAZIS AND,  
IN GERMAN-HELD  
LANDS, HIS  
NAME SPELLS  
TROUBLE TO  
ANY WHO  
WOULD DESTROY  
THE FREEDOM  
OF THE WORLD

THE CHAMELEON  
HAS ANOTHER  
EXCITING  
ADVENTURE  
IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF  
**TARGET  
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